My wife will be my Maſter.

Or, The *Married-man's* Complaint againſt his unruly Wife.
The Tune is, *A Taylor is a man.*

AS I was walking forth of late,
I heard a Man complaining,
With that I drew me near to him,
to know the cauſe and meaning
Of his ſorrow, pain and grief,
which bred him ſuch diſaſter.
Alas, quoth he, what ſhall I do,
my wife will be my Maſter.
But if ever I am a Widower,
and another wife do marry,
I mean to keep her poor and bare,
and the purſe I mean to carry.

If I ſhould give her forty pound,
within her apron folding,
No longer then ſhe's telling ont,
her tongue would ne'r leave ſcolding,
Like Eſops Dog barkt at the Moon,
thinking for to diſtaſt her,
So doth my wife ſcold without cauſe,
and ſtrives to be my Maſter;
But if ever, &c.

Were I ſo ſtrong as Hercules,
or wiſer then Apollo,
Or had I Icarus wings to flye,
my wife would after follow.
Or ſhould I live as many years,
as ever did King Neſtor,
Yet I do greatly ſtand in fear,
my wife would be my Maſter.
But if ever, &c.

I know no cauſe nor reaſon why,
that ſhe with me ſhould jangle,
I never gave her cauſe at all,
to make her with me wrangle;
I pleaſe her ſtill in what I may,
and do no jot diſtaſt her,
Yet ſhe doth ſtrive both night and day,
always to be my Maſter,
But if ever I am a Widdower,
and another wife do marry,
I mean to keep her poor and bare,
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I Every morning make a fire,
all which is done to ease her,
I get a Nutmeg, make a toast,
in hope therewith to please her;
Of a cup of nappy ale and spice,
of which she is first taster,
And yet this cross-grain'd queen will scold
and strive to be my master.
But if ever, &c.

I wash the dishes, wash the house,
I dress her wholsom dyet,
I humour her in every thing,
because I would be quiet:
Of every several dish of meat,
she'l surely be first taster,
And I am glad to pick the bones,
she is so much my master:
But if ever, &c.

Sometimes she'l sit while day gives light
in company with good fellows,
In Taverns and in bowling Rens,
or in some pimping Ale-house;
& when she comes home drunk at night,
though I do not distast her,
She'l fling, she'l throw, she'l scratch and bite
and strive to be my Master.
But if ever, &c.

Her bed I make both soft and fine,
and put on shoos compleatly,
Her shoos and stockings I pull off,
and lay her down most neatly:
I cover her and keep her warm,
for fear I should distast her,
I hug her kindly in my arms,
yet still she'l be my master:
But if ever, &c.

And when I am with her in bed,
she doth not use me well sir,
She'l wring my nose, and pull my ears,
a pittiful case to tell sir:
And when I am with her in bed,
not meaning to molest her,
She'l kick me out at the beds feet,
and so become my master:
But if ever, &c.

And thus you hear how cruelly
my wife doth still abuse me,
At bed, at board, at noon and night,
she always doth misuse me:
But if I were a lusty man,
and able for to bast her,
Then would I surely use some means,
that she should not be my master.
But if ever, &c.

You Batchelors that sweethearts have,
when as you are a Wooing,
Be sure you look before you leap,
for fear of your undoing:
The after wit is not the best,
and he that weds in hast sir,
May like to me bewail his case,
if his wife do prove his Master:
But if ever, &c.

You Married Men that have good wives
I wish you deal well by them,
For they more precious are than gold,
if once you come to try them:
A good wife makes a husband glad,
then let him not distast her,
But a scold will make a Man run mad,
if once she proves his Master,
But if ever, &c.

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